THE EDINBURGH REGIMENT.

L
1070. K16
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To which are added,

Britannia Penſive, &
Minerva's Conſolation.

Plaid amang the Heather.

AND THE

WONDERFUL SONG.

Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.

The Edinburgh Regiment

Come hither all good people, give ear to my req
The Edinburgh Regiment, when marching to I
fries,
For shining and bright armour, I solemnly decla
There's not been such a Regiment in town th
ny year.

They dazzl'd our young lasses eyes as they walk
the street,
And when they meet them all alone, they kis
very sweet;
Says, will you go along with me, my bonny las
And I'll wrap you in my grey plaid and roll y
the grass.

If I would go along with you and be thy bonn
I long to be in thy grey plaid, and rolling
grass,
What should my mother say, my lad, if she
chance to see,
Me wrapped in thy grey plaid, and sitting
knee.

O never mind your mo[illegible] though she should
to pine,
I'll take you to Minorca, and there I'll gi
wife.

wine in ſack you ſhall drink of, as ſoon as we go
there,
d I'll wrap you in my grey plaid, when the rain
doth appear,

would go along with you, and take you by the
hand,
our Captain he would ſtop us, before we left the
land;
o ſays he, my deareſt dear, he loves us as his life,
He's given out an order, each man that had a wife,

t ſhe ſhould go along with him, and bear him
company.
And I'll wrap you in my grey plaid, when we are
on the ſea
w I will go along with you, though they ſhould go
mad,
I'll leave the Scottiſh lands for my bonny ſodger
lad.

di-a, ye Dumfries maidens whom we have left behind
Who dare not to Minorca go, to drink good Spaniſh wine,
ome of them's lamenting that they are left behind,
And very ſore perp'lexed and troubled in their mind.

Says, if we had taken their advice and with them had
been wed,
We might have gone along with them beneath their
grey plaid,
But them thats gone along with them, may the heavens them bleſs,
May they live in peace and unity as long as life doth
laſt, [may bleſs.
And when they do return again, their true loves they

Britannia Pensive, and Minerva's Consolat

Tune—Thirtieth of November

On the steep craggy summit of Dover's hoar cliff,
Britannia of late took her stand,
In attitude pensive, she lean'd on her spear,
With her eyes fix'd on Gaul's threat'ning land,
With blushes indignant her cheeks were suffus'd,
While her white bosom throb'd with a sigh,
I mark'd the big tear often fall on her breast
As it rol'd from her bright beaming eye.
As it roll'd from, &c.

'Remember your fathers,' Britannia exclaim'd,
'How oft they have fought on these fields,
And how frequent the blood of the vanquished Gaul
Has empurpl'd their swords and their shields.
Can Cressy or Agincourt e'er be forgot,
Where your Edward and Henry once fought,
Can the matchless atchievements of Marlb'ro'. the great
Be ever expung'd from your thoughts.

Rouse, heroes of Albion, and sound the alarm,
'Tis heav'n commands you to fight
The freedom of Europe's this moment at stake——
Draw your swords and assert mankind's right,
Shall Briton the envy of nations around,
Ever bow at a tyrant's proud shrine?
No rather may bolts from the thunder of Jove,
To the centre strike both me and mine.'

A silence ensued—when behold from the clouds,
Attir'd in celestial array,

Minerva deſcended from regions of light,
In a chariot as bright as the day.
Behold here the goddeſs of wiſdom and war,'
The deity cry'd with a ſmile.
I'm come to conſole thee, diſconſolate maid,
For Britain's my favorite iſle.

om the North to the South, hark the loud clang of arms,
Then why this deſpondence and fear,
y freedom, religion, and laws are engrav'd
On the heart of each true volunteer.
t the ſlaves of a deſpot invade if they dare,
The attempt will prove fruitleſs and vain,
hear and rejoice at the mandate of Jove,
" Britannia ſhall ſtill rule the main."

hold how thy Navies triumphantly ride,
They exultingly daſh through the waves:
y tars are legitimate ſons of the brave
They will ſpurn at the name of a ſlave,
ſt your own potent arm, ſtill unconquer'd in war,
nd let Britons in concord agree.
n ſoon the fanatics of France will confeſs,
hat Briton alone can be free.'

Plaid amang the Heather

wind blew hie o'er muir and lea,
dark and ſtormy grew the weather,
rain rain'd ſair; nae ſhelter near,
my love's plaid amang the heather.

CHORUS.

O my bonny highland laddie,
My winſome, weelfar'd, highland laddie,

Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row't in his tartan plaidie?

Close to his breast he held me fast:—
Sae coozy, warm, we lay thegither;
Nae simmer heat was ha'f sae sweet,
As my love's plaid amang the heather.
O my bonny, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale,
My lightsome heart grew like a feather,
It lap sae quick I coudna speak,
But silent sigh'd amang the heather,
O my bonny, &c

The storm blew past; we kiss'd in haste;
I hameward ran and tald my mither,
She gloom'd at first but soon confest,
The bowls row'd right amang the heather,
O my bonny, &c

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,
Whar Will and I fresh flow'rs will gather;
Nae storms I fear. I've got my dear
Kind hearted lad amang the heather.
O my bonny highland laddie,
My winsome, weelfar'd, highland ladd
Should storms appear, my Will's ay r
To row me in his tartan plaidie.

Wonderful Song.

WHAT a wonderful age 'tis my lad,
And what wonderful people live in it.

e wonderful mammas and dads,
h wonders arise every minute.
e wonderful ships in our Navy,
wonderful soldiers and sailors,
e wonderful beef full of grav
wonderful cabbage for tailors

e wonderful Pilots I trow,
steer us thro' wonderful dangers,
Bull is a wonderful cow,
mired by natives and strangers.
e wonderful grand puppet shows,
wonderful sight to beholders,
e wonderful boots for the beaux,
d coats made with wonderful shoulders.

e wonderful doctors call'd quacks,
th wonderful puffs in the papers.
tell you of wonderful facts,
d cut you most wonderful capers,
one little wonderful pill,
ey every disorder keep under,
f they can't cure they can kill,
d where is the diff'rence I wonder.

ve wonderful foes on the sea,
ho kick up a wonderful riot,
ll hang them with wonderful ease,
d make them all wonderful quiet.
gypt we'd wonderful works,
onaparte the great undertaker,
to take the whole land from the Turks,
t could not get one single acre,

Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row't in his tartan plaidie?

Close to his breast he held me fast:—
Sae coozy, warm, we lay thegither;
Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet,
As my love's plaid amang the heather.
O my bonny, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale,
My lightsome heart grew like a feather,
It lap sae quick I coudna speak,
But silent sigh'd amang the heather,
O my bonny, &c.

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and wonderful soldiers and sailors,
We've wonderful beef full of grav
and wonderful cabbage for tailors

We've wonderful Pilots I trow,
to steer us thro' wonderful dangers,
John Bull is a wonderful cow,
admired by natives and strangers.
We've wonderful grand puppet shows,
a wonderful sight to beholders,
We've wonderful boots for the beaux,
and coats made with wonderful shoulders.

We've wonderful doctors call'd quacks,
with wonderful puffs in the papers.
Will tell you of wonderful facts,
and cut you most wonderful capers,
With one little wonderful pill,
they every disorder keep under,
For if they can't cure they can kill,
and where is the diff'rence I wonder.

We've wonderful foes on the sea,
who kick up a wonderful riot,
We'll hang them with wonderful ease,
and make them all wonderful quiet.
In Egypt we'd wonderful works
Buonaparte the great undertaker,
We... to take the whole land from the Turks,
but could not get one single acre,

Take a peep at our wonderful ladies,
they all look so wonderful pretty,
Each wig now so wonderful made is,
to suit brown, yellow, and jetty.
The wonderful prating old tabby,
who Ministers should lay a tax on,
Can hide her gay noddle so shabby,
with a wonderful new auburn coxon.

But the wonderful wonder of all,
and wonderful true we have found it,
That England so wonderful small,
should awe the great nations around it.
Huzza! for each Soldier and Tar,
at fighting so wonderful clever,
And whether at peace or at war,
let's shout wonderful England for ever!

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FINIS.